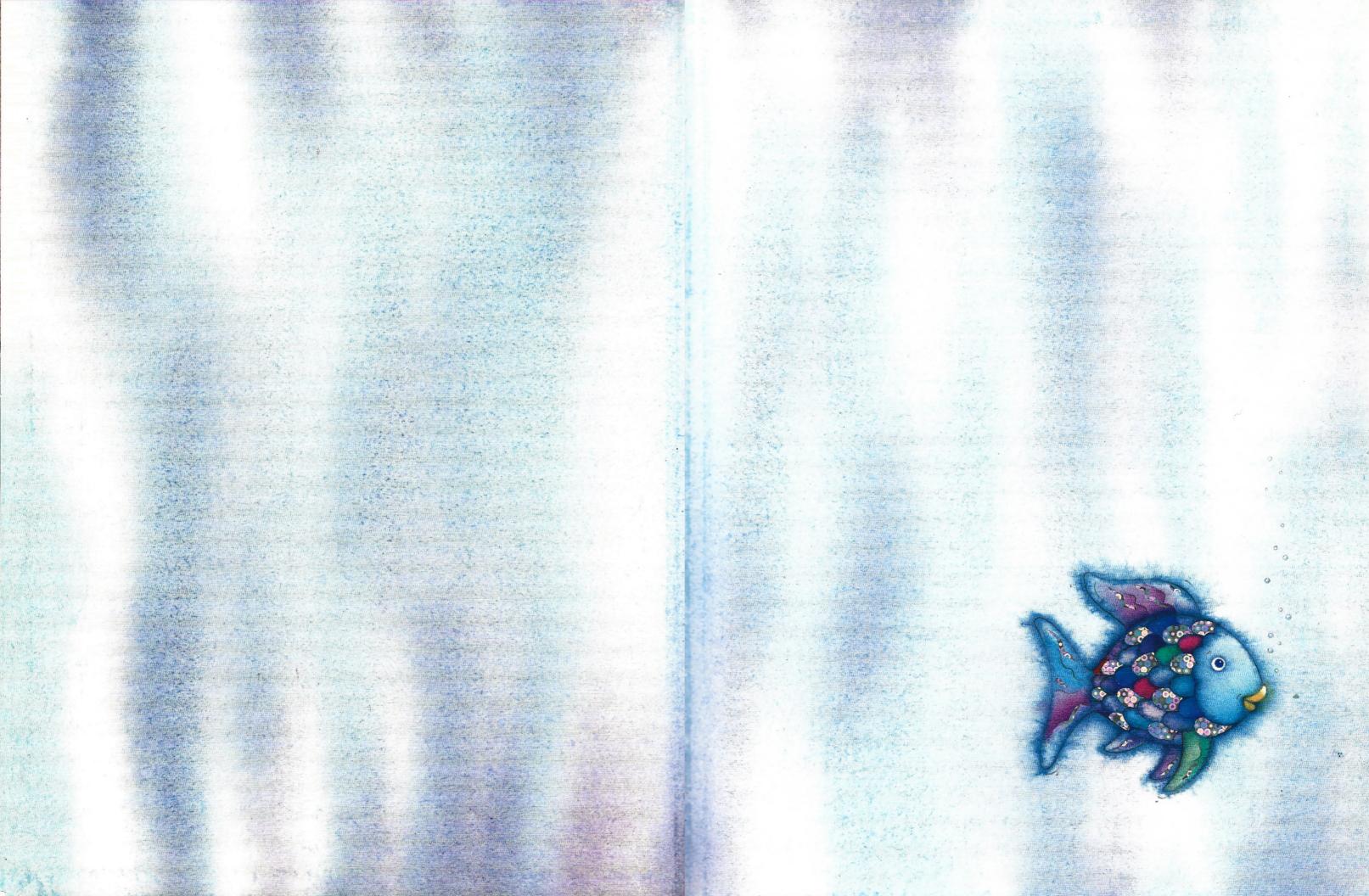
MARCUS PFISTER



LE PLUS BEAU POISSON DES OCÉANS

THE RAINBOW FISH

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FISH IN THE OCEAN



for Brigitte à Brigitte

The text in this book is taken from the French edition of the same book. It is not the same as the text in the original 1992 American edition.

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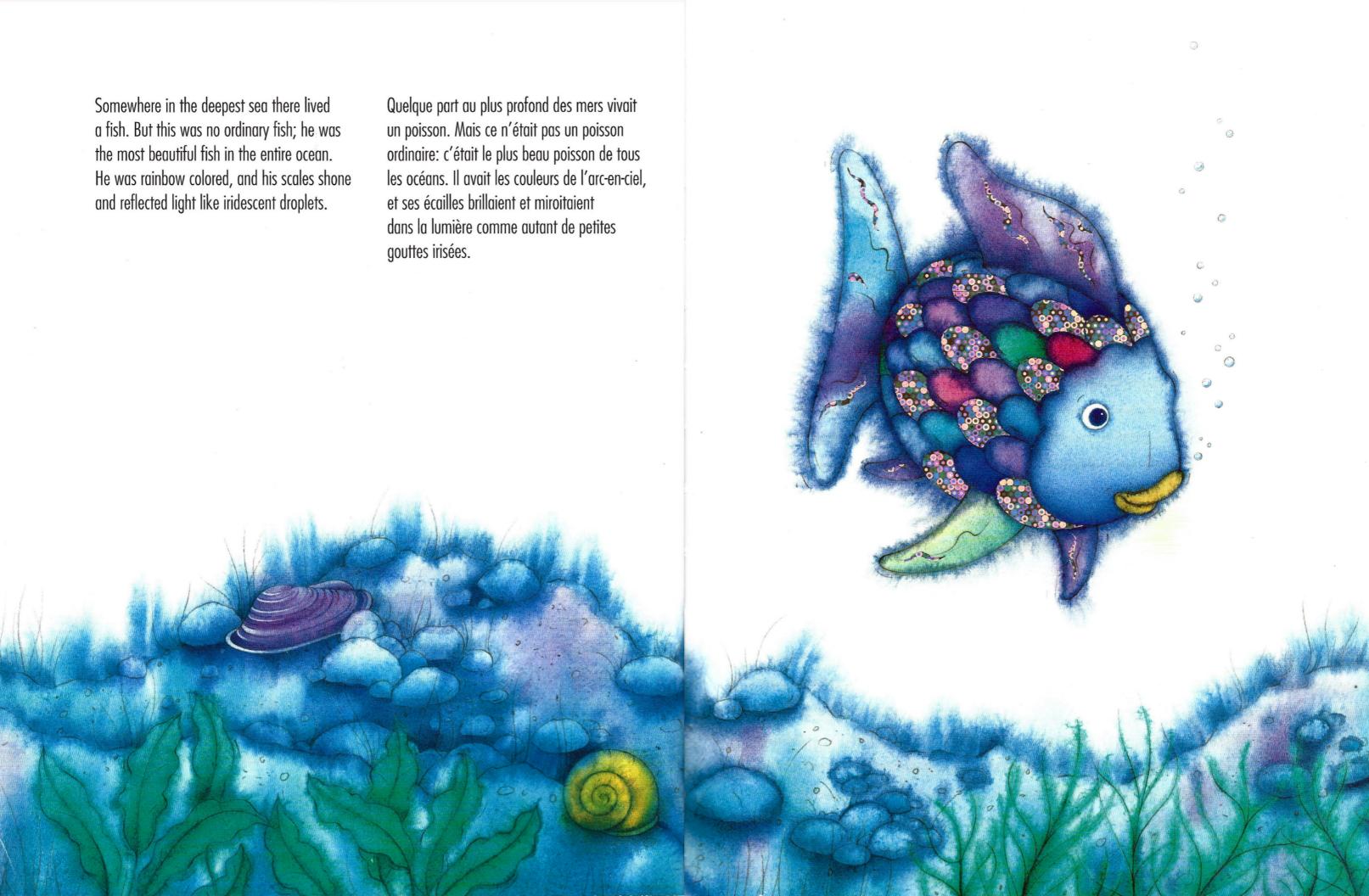
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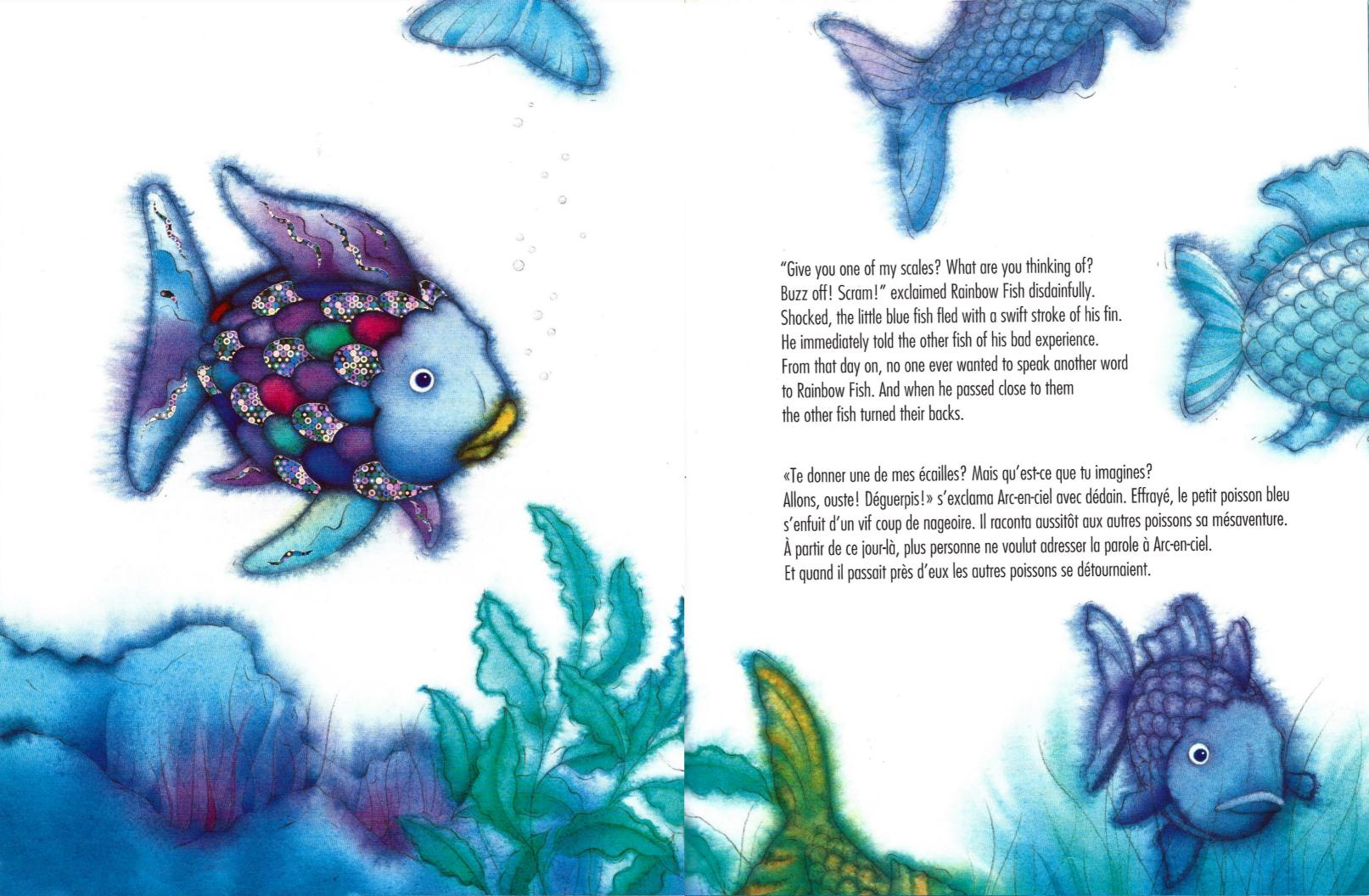
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FISH IN THE OCEAN













But what use are the most beautiful scales in the world if there is no one to admire them?

Now Rainbow Fish was not only the most beautiful fish in the entire ocean, but also the loneliest!

One day he told his troubles to the starfish.

"I am so beautiful," he said to her. "Why doesn't anyone like me?"
The starfish was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Behind the coral reef
there is a cave. That's where Octopus lives. She knows many things.
Perhaps she will be able to give you some advice."

Mais à quoi servent les plus belles écailles du monde s'il n'y a personne pour les admirer?

À présent Arc-en-ciel n'était plus seulement le plus beau poisson des océans, c'était aussi le plus seul!

Un jour il fit part de ses soucis à l'étoile de mer.

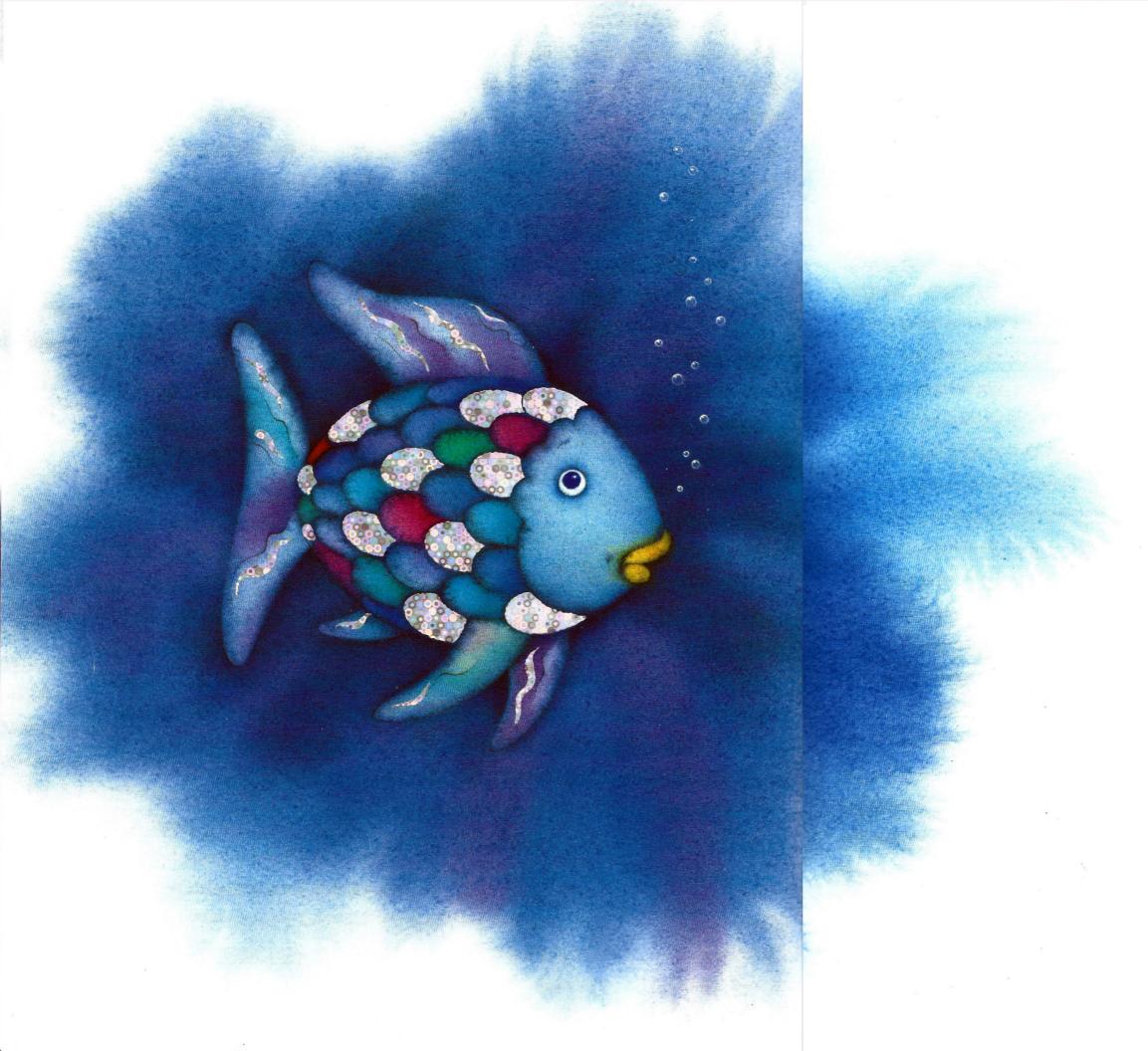
«Je suis si beau, lui dit-il, pourquoi est-ce qu'on ne m'aime pas?» L'étoile de mer se tut un instant, puis elle dit: «Derrière le récif de corail il y a une grotte, c'est là qu'habite Octopus, la pieuvre. Elle sait beaucoup de choses, peut-être pourra-t-elle te donner un conseil.»



"I was expecting you," said Octopus in a solemn voice.
"The waves brought your story to me. Listen carefully to my advice. Offer one of your beautiful scales to every fish who asks you for one. Perhaps you will no longer be the most beautiful fish, but you will be a happy fish."

«Je t'attendais, dit Octopus d'une voix grave, les vagues m'ont rapporté ton histoire. Écoute bien mon conseil: offre à chaque poisson qui te le demandera l'une de tes belles écailles. Tu ne seras peut-être plus le plus beau des poissons, mais tu seras un poisson heureux.»





"But..." said Rainbow Fish.

He couldn't go on, for Octopus
had already disappeared
behind a cloud of ink.

Give away my scales?

My magnificent scales?
he thought indignantly. Never!

Oh, no! I could never be happy without them!

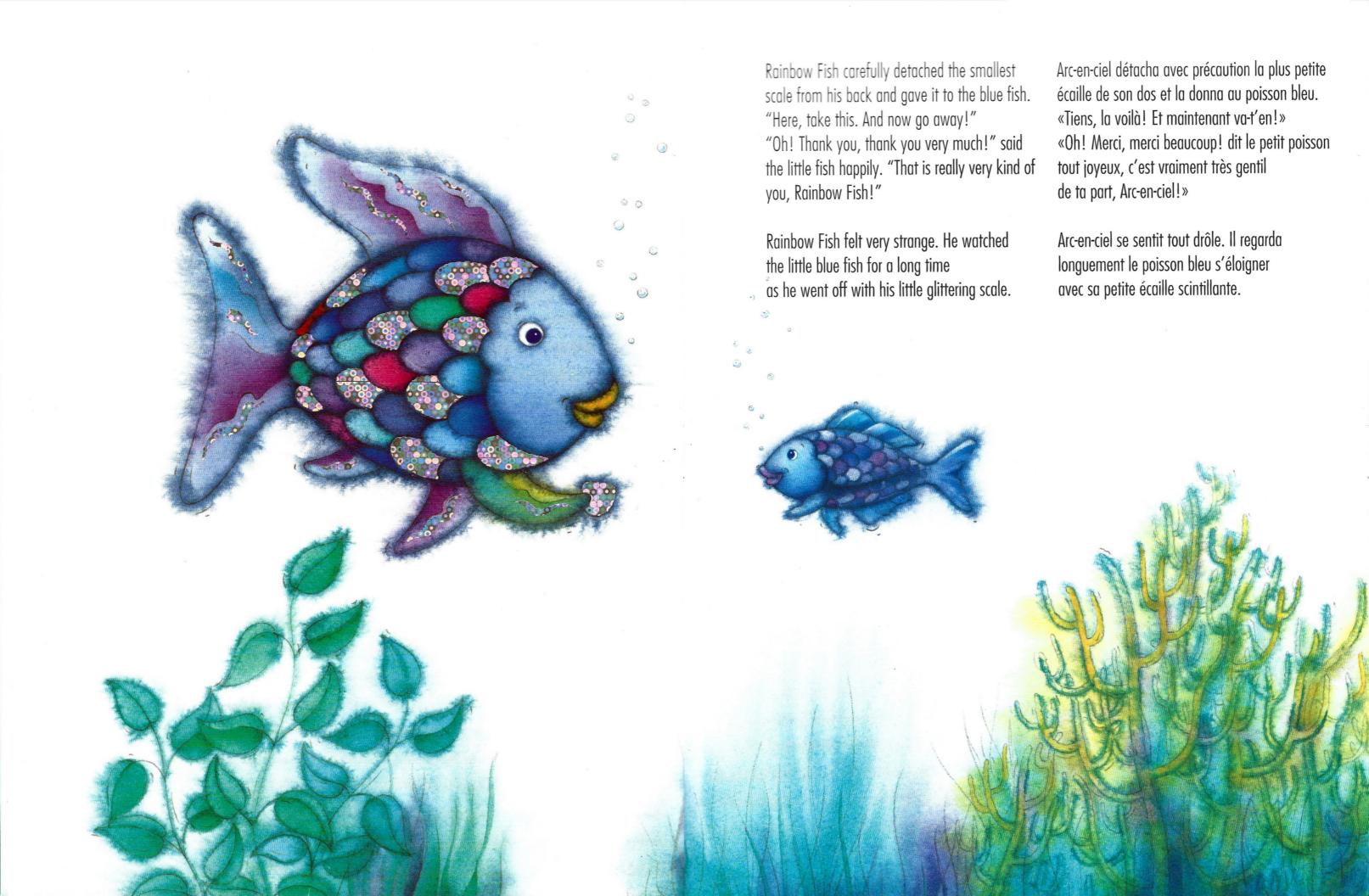
«Mais...» dit Arc-en-ciel.

Il ne put rien ajouter de plus
car Octopus avait déjà disparu
derrière un nuage d'encre.
Offrir mes écailles?
Mes magnifiques écailles?
pensa-t-il indigné.
Jamais! Ah non! Je ne pourrais jamais
être heureux sans elles!

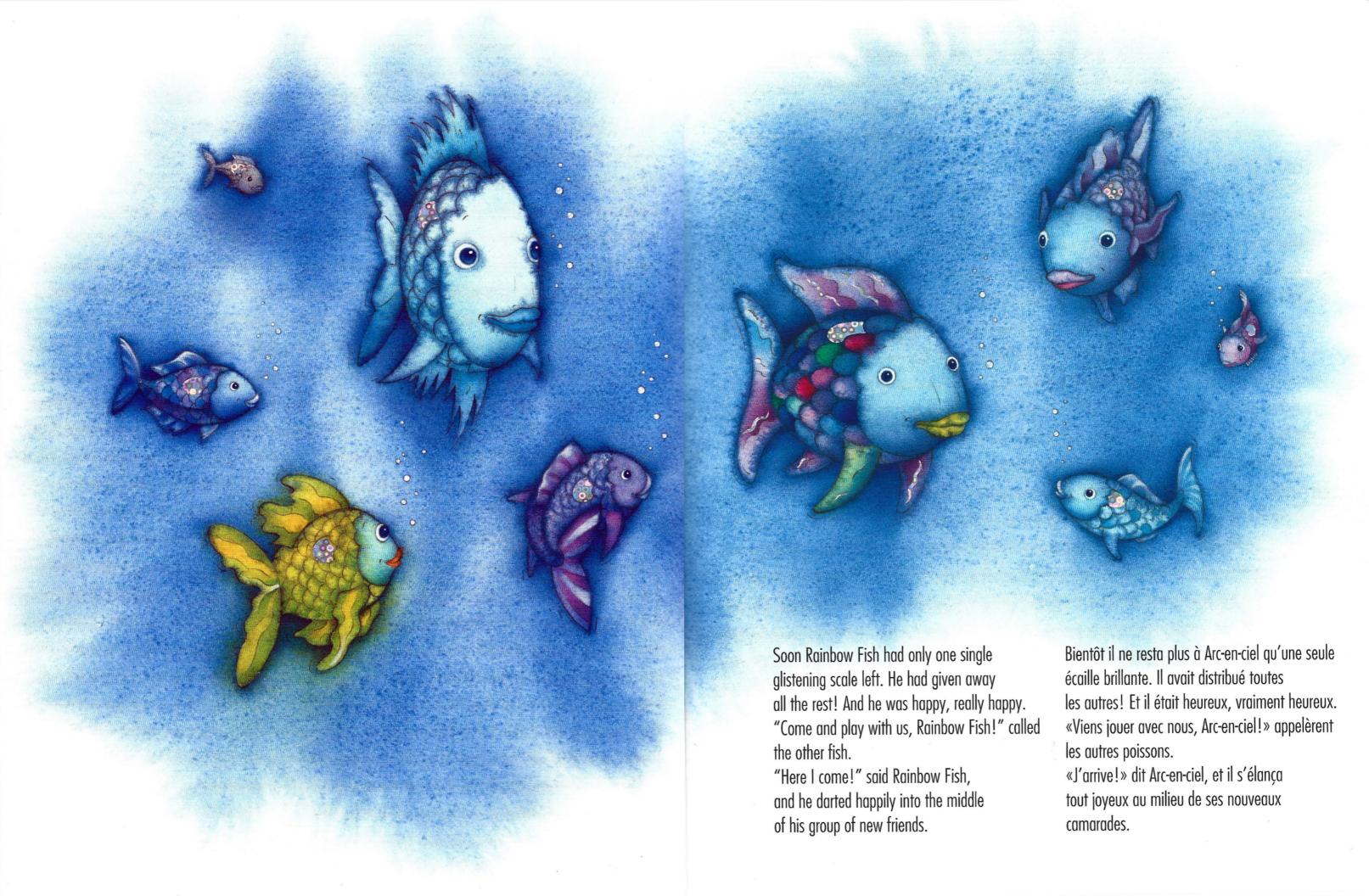


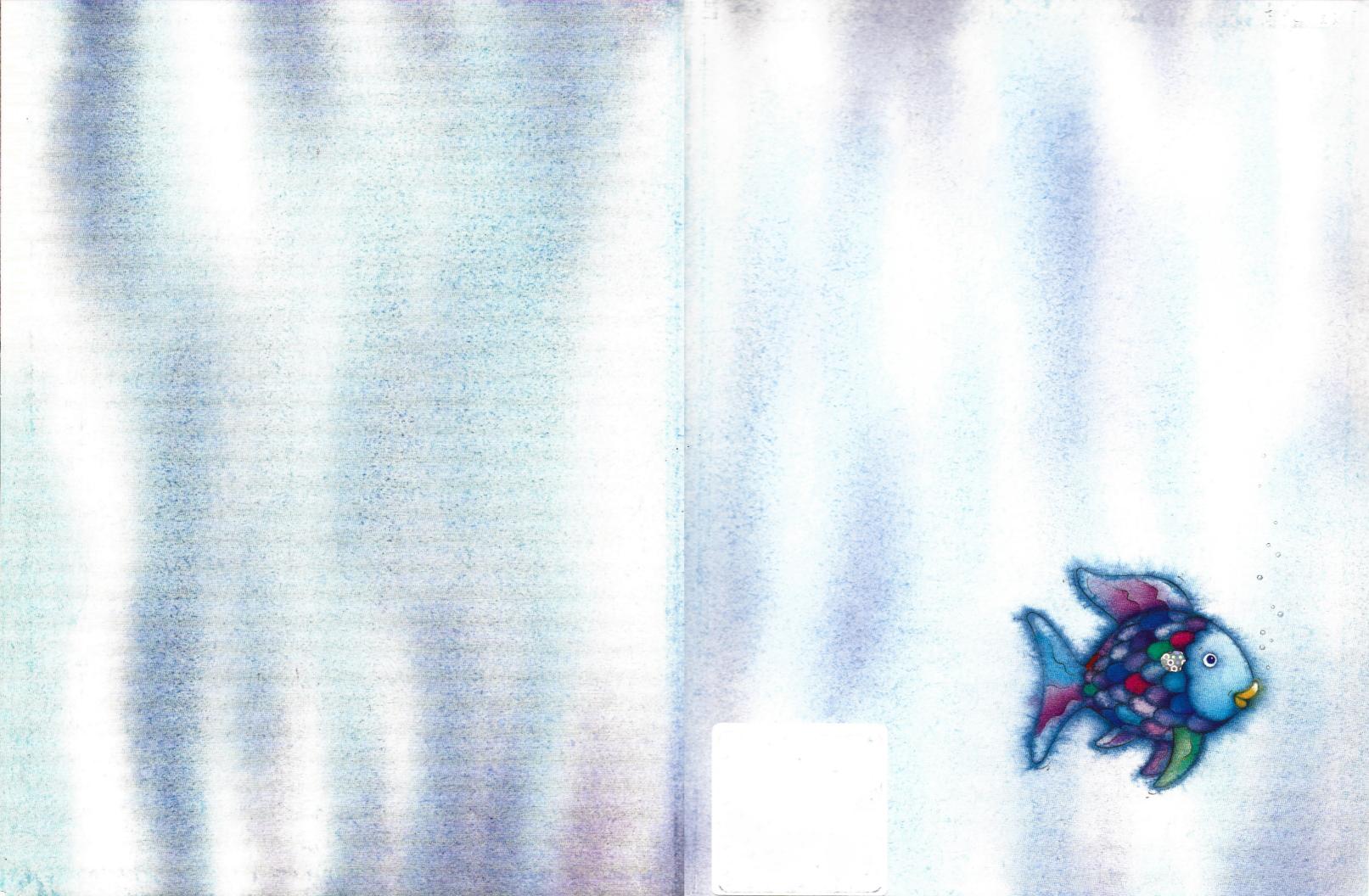
Suddenly he felt the water vibrate.
The little blue fish was close beside him once again.
"Rainbow Fish, please, be kind, give me one
of your magnificent scales!"
Rainbow Fish hesitated. One tiny little scale,
he thought. All right. I will. It won't show.

Tout à coup il sentit l'eau vibrer.
Le petit poisson bleu était à nouveau près de lui.
«Arc-en-ciel, s'il te plaît, sois gentil,
donne-moi une de tes magnifiques écailles!»
Arc-en-ciel hésita. Une toute petite écaille,
pensa-t-il, bon, d'accord, ça ne se verra pas.











Arc-en-ciel est le plus beau poisson de tous les océans. Ses écailles brillent et scintillent de toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel. Mais il est si fier et si vaniteaux qu'il en est aussi très seul. Un jour il offre à un petit poisson l'une de ses belles écailles. Puis une autre, puis beaucoup d'autres, et il découvre enfin qu'il n'y a de vrai bonheur que dans le partage.

Rainbow Fish is the most beautiful fish in the entire ocean. His scales shine and shimmer with all the colors of the rainbow. But because he is so proud and so vain, he is also very lonely. One day he offers one of his beautiful scales to a little fish, then another, then many more, and he finally finds out that true happiness comes only from sharing.

